

THE AGE.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 25, 1844.

Preserve cheer the HICKORY TREE,
In storm the boughs have sheltered thee,
O'er all the land its branches wave,
Thou planted on the Lion's grave.



FOR PRESIDENT,

JAMES K. POLK,
OF TENNESSEE.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

GEORGE M. DALLAS,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

STATE ELECTORAL TICKET.

AT LARGE,

EDWARD D. BARBER,
NEWELL KINSMAN.

For the Districts,

DAVID P. NOYES, No. 4.

Keep it before the People!

VERMONT COONS AND HENRY CLAY
ON SLAVERY—REMARKABLE SIMILARITY OF OPINIONS.
“Now, as in 1840, we contend for the ABOLITION of the ODDIOUS institution of domestic SLAVERY by any and every Constitutional means.”

“Mr. President, it is not true, and I REJOICE that it is not true, that either of the two great political parties in this country have any design or aim at abolition. I should DEEPLY LAMENT it if it were true.”

“Henry Clay, in the Senate, Feb. 7, 1839, ‘To the hundred years of legislation have succeeded and succeeded again slaves and slavery.’—Henry Clay.

“Resolved, That we regard the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and Territory of Florida as within the province and constitutional power of Congress, and that we urge upon that body the propriety of its speedy abolition in the District and Territory—introduced and passed by the Senate of the Legislature.”

“And now we ask the abolition of slavery in Kentucky and I would sign a bill having for its object the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, or in ANY MAN NER GIVE COUNTENANCE TO THE SUBJECT.”

“My negroes are fat and sleek.”—Henry Clay.

HENRY CLAY, at a National Bank.
“Mr. Clay, in a public speech, at Macon, Ga., said: ‘He was in favor of a BANK OF THE UNITED STATES. All nations give us the example.’”

Again, Mr. Clay, at Charleston, S. C., was equally explicit. “The Country, the whole organ in that city, in noting his speech, said: ‘Mr. Clay assumed that banks and the banking system would continue to exist under the auspices of the States, and thence inferred the necessity of a NATIONAL BANK TO REGULATE AND CONTROL the system, and keep it from explosion and mischief. He also insisted on a National Bank as necessary to secure a National Currency.’”

JAMES K. POLK, AND A NATIONAL BANK.
“I am free to declare my solemn conviction that the Federal Gov. ought to possess NO CONSTITUTIONAL POWER to incorporate a National Bank.”—Inaugural Address delivered at Nashville, Oct. 14, 1839.

GEORGE M. DALLAS, & A NATIONAL BANK.
“It would be IMPOSSIBLE that I should be an official agent, even in the establishment of another UNITED STATES BANK.”—Letter to Hon. John Wentworth, dated Philadelphia, June 8, 1841.

DISTRICT CONVENTION.

The Democratic of Congressional District No. 2, are hereby notified to assemble by their delegates in Convention at Royalton, on **THURSDAY THE FIFTEENTH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT**, at 10 o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of selecting a candidate to represent said district in the next Congress of the United States, and for the purpose of transacting any other district business.

At the last democratic district convention, in view of the many evils which necessarily result from the system of nominating candidates for office, it was resolved, that hereafter, in said district, our nominating conventions be constituted, and our nominations made on the following principles, viz:

1. Each town to be entitled to one delegate, and to one additional delegate for every fifty democratic votes, cast in such towns at the election of State officers.
2. No person to be permitted to participate in the business of the convention without in the first place having presented satisfactory evidence of his appointment as delegate to said convention.
3. All nominations to be made BY BALLOT in open convention.

The necessity of union and of action in our popular elections has led to the practice of conventional nominations. The convention has in many respects become of more importance than the ballot box. To the latter, in most cases, is left only the office of legally sanctioning a claim which has already been made in convention. To secure judicious, and consequently, acceptable nominations it is a matter of primary importance to obtain, in making the same, a fair and equal expression of the popular will. This, in large districts of country, can be done, only on the principles of representation.

The undersigned committee would therefore earnestly and with confidence appeal to the democracy of this district to meet in caucuses in their several towns, at the earliest practicable date, for the purpose of choosing, and furnishing with credentials, delegates to represent them in said convention. Let this first attempt in the state of Vermont to secure to each voter an equal voice in the choice of his candidate, and thus to secure him against all unfairness and fraud, meet with triumphant success.

The whole democracy of the district are respectfully solicited to be present and participate in any discussion of political questions which may then and there be had.

DANIEL COBB,
CALVIN BLODGETT,
SAM'L H. PRICE,
July 22, 1844. District Committee.

*The number of delegates to which each town in the district is entitled is as follows:

ORANGE Co.—Bradford, 4; Brantree, 3; Brookfield, 2; Chelsea, 6; Corinth, 5; Fairlee, 2; Newbury, 6; Orange, 3; Randolph, 4; Strafford, 4; Thetford, 5; Topsham, 5; Tunbridge, 3; Vershire, 2; Washington, 5; West Fairlee, 2; Williamstown, 2—62.

WINDSOR Co.—Andover, 1; Baltimore, 1; Barnard, 3; Bethel, 3; Bridgewater, 2; Cavendish, 1; Chester, 6; Hartford, 3; Hartland, 4; Ludlow, 2; Norwich, 4; Plymouth, 2; Pomfret, 3; Reading, 2; Rochester, 1; Royalton, 2; Sharon, 3; Springfield, 3; Stockbridge, 3; Weatherfield, 2; Weston, 1; Windsor, 1; Woodstock, 3—61.

We suppose, that each delegate, in order to be entitled to a seat in the convention must present his certificate of election signed by the chairman and secretary of a meeting regularly called for the purpose of selecting delegates.

“ONE OF EASTMAN'S LIES.”

We stated in the Age sometime since, that Henry Clay had said that “Agriculture wanted no protection.” Immediately we were assailed from all quarters of the coon camp, and denounced as a most villainous liar and contemptible slanderer. Little coons, and big coons, came down upon us with a perfect fury, reminding one of the noise the animals make of an autumn evening, when they infest the corn-fields of the farmers. If a democrat quoted the language as Henry Clay's he was met by the coons with, “Mr. Clay never said any such thing—it is one of Eastman's lies.”

Well we let the matter lie along, till the coons had got themselves pretty well committed on the subject—till some of the tall ones had publicly enough declared that Mr. Clay had never made any such statement, and then we came out with the proof. The sentiment we quoted, we have shown to be in Mr. Clay's speech on the protection of home industry, found in Greeley and McElrath's life and speeches of Clay, page 155 vol. 1. in these words:

AGRICULTURE wants but little or NO Protection against the regulations of foreign powers.

Now, how stand these coon brawlers—these animals who whistled so much about “one of Eastman's lies!” Either they have attempted to brow-beat the people out of the knowledge that Mr. Clay did utter the sentiment we have attribute to him, and thus wilfully and knowingly deceive them, or they were so contumaciously ignorant they did not know that Mr. Clay had ever uttered the sentiment! They may take whichever horn of the dilemma they choose.

Let the democrats learn a lesson from this one case. The coon game is brow-beating, and lying. They deny every thing that appears in the Age—all “Eastman's lies.” Now, democrats, we are ready, as we have been in this case, to prove all the assertions we make, and we only ask of you to stand up to these brawling, impudent coons, and not let them lie and brow-beat you down. That's all we ask. Don't give a hair—they are but poor egg-suckers, hen-roost-robbing beasts, the best you can make of them. They live underground and by thieving. Let them have the Hickory over their snouts, on all occasions, and let them have, it too, as the sailors say, “with a will!”

We take occasion merely from philanthropic motives to suggest to the towns in the vicinity of Woodstock, that they look a little to their hen coops and hens nests, as from appearances at Bridgewater, last week, we judge they are to be frequently infested with coons from this village. Hickory boughs will keep the Egg-suckers, at a proper distance.

The Woodstock coons have been out on a marauding expedition we should judge, from the great quantity of Eggshells that were thrown out from the *Piera* office last week.

JAMES K. POLK ON THE TARIFF AND DIRECT TAXATION.

“Are you in favor of a tariff or direct taxes for the support of the general government?”

“If a tariff, do you approve of such a tariff as would give protection to home industry against foreign industry?”

I answer that I am opposed to a system of direct taxation, and am in favor of a moderate scale of duties, laid by a tariff on imported goods, for the purpose of raising the revenue which may be used for the economical administration of the government. In fixing the rate of a tariff, my opinion is, that the object in view should be to raise the revenue needed by the government, leaving the interests engaged in manufactures to enjoy the incidental advantage which the levy of such duties will afford to them.

JAMES K. POLK.
COLUMBIA, May 15th, 1843.

Let this silence effectually the allegations of the federal papers that Mr. Polk is in favor of “direct taxation and free-trade.” He here declares himself opposed to both. And to this the following noble sentiment uttered by the same distinguished statesman in 1837, and no reasonable man can ask more:

“A just and equitable Tariff, for Revenue, so adjusted as to afford as near as may be **EQUAL PROTECTION TO ALL.**”

Now, take notice that, although Gov. Polk has declared in so many words that he is “opposed to a system of direct taxation,” the church burners and Egg-suckers continue openly to assert that he is in favor of such a system! Never mind—they bite a file, in this case.

JAMES K. POLK SAYS

“I AM OPPOSED TO A TARIFF FOR PROTECTION”—I HAVE AT ALL TIMES BEEN OPPOSED TO THE PROTECTIVE POLICY.”

These sayings will prove Polk's political death-knell. No sophistry can change them. They are plain and distinct; and they will be kept before the people.—*Boston Atlas.*

The fairness of the Atlas is beautifully exemplified in the first extract quoted above. “I am opposed to a Tariff for protection—MERELY, AND NOT FOR REVENUE” are Gov. Polk's words! Comment on such barefaced rascality is unnecessary. But,

HENRY CLAY SAYS

“I NEVER WAS IN FAVOR OF WHAT I REGARD AS A HIGH TARIFF—there is no necessity of protection for protection.”

“Do not raise the question of protection, WHICH I HAD HOPED HAD BEEN PUT TO REST.”

Wonder if the Atlas is troubled about anything these days?

WAR! WAR! UNPARALLELED EFFRONTERY OF THE ORRID LOKAH FOKAHS OF WOODSTOCK—QUICK AND SPEEDY DESTRUCTION OF THE WHOLE PARTY BY THE RULERS OF THE LAND—LOKAHS SUBMIT AND HUMBLI SUE FOR PARDON!

The great and renowned city of Woodstock, that lies, basking in the sun by the river Quebec, between the heaven-kissing hills Mount Tom, and Mr. Peg, has been the scene of terrible commotions and distractions within the last week. Two horrid deeds have been *did*, unparalleled in the history of crime and deeds of darkness, which we are happy to state however, have been ferreted out and speedy justice dealt down upon the heads of the daring offenders.

We proceed to particularize. On the 4th of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the sixty-eighth, some forty or fifty lokah fokahs, living within the precincts of the aforesaid city of Woodstock and the towns lying round about the same, did get up, attend and partake of an affair which they designated a “Democratic Supper,” at the inn of one Samuel Whitney; on which occasion, it is stated and generally believed, that the lokah fokahs aforesaid, did actually presume to break bread and eat meat and do other things in imitation of the manners and customs of the better classes of high-born, well-bred and civilized animals of the tribe of Sir Harry Coon and his Royal blooded family; to the great scandal of public morals, and to the great peril of the distinctions which it is the duty of every good citizen to preserve in society, which if allowed to be set at naught in this way, would inevitably lead to the sure destruction of all the barriers which are intended to keep the low, and base-born, vulgar mechanics, stagemen, and lokah fokahs and other cattle from intruding themselves upon the rights and privileges of the better classes, and basely attempting to imitate their tastes and habits of life.

Further, on the 13th day of July, in the year aforesaid, one Chas. G. Eastman, a lokah fokah, did, wonderful as it may seem, actually, in broad day light, and by public notice, proceed in a carriage to the adjoining town of Bridgewater and then and there deliver a speech in a public place and before all who chose to listen to him! The enormity of this act may be better understood when it is stated that this same presumptuous fellow of an Eastman is most incestuously and according to his own confessions made in divers places on sundry occasions, actually of the lower orders of society; claiming no relationship either by blood or association with the upper classes, having been begotten by a Methodist Circuit Preacher, and born of the daughter of a common country merchant in the insignificant town of Fryeburg, sometimes called Pequequet, on the Saco river, way down East in the diminutive, and poverty-stricken state of Maine! Good heavens! was such hardihood ever heard of before! What is the world coming to? The coon church burnings in Philadelphia—the murder of Joe Smith, sunk into hopeless insignificance beside this most reasonable, and unheard of outrage upon the authority and good breeding of the Royal blooded aristocracy of Woodstock!

But thank Heaven there was one left who followed the detestable contemner of the authority of the emblem beast of the higher classes, and upon the spot protested against it, and has publicly exposed the impudent rascal. How fortunate that such a philanthropic individual happened to be found! And how should the community congratulate itself upon the possession of such a mighty defender!

One THOMAS E. POWERS known as the most peaceable, quiet, orderly, generally respected and universally beloved personage in all the country, fearing that the ass-end-eney of the Woodstock Horse-Jockey Junto was in danger, gathered himself together in the office of the infidel editor of “Liberal Extracts” to devise ways and means to put down the villainous locofocos who had dared to “move, live and have a being” without the approbation of their betters, and to deal out “death and damnation” with a merciless hand upon the guilty heads of the daring offenders against coon law and coon authority.

So high arose the wrath of this mighty conservator of public peace that it becoming utterly impossible to restrain it within the limits of ordinary street ribaldry, and sidewalk blackguardism, it burst forth, like a long pent up Cotopaxi, through the columns of the *Piera*, scattering death and destruction, broadcast over the land, and scalding, burning, withering and blighting all who happened to be so unfortunate as to fall within the reach of the hissing and devastating torrent. Down came the cataract of fire mingled with, showers of rotten-wood pills, and not a man, woman or child of the whole locofoco party in Woodstock is left to tell the horrible tale. Every mother's son of them were annihilated with a certainty equal only to that with which the Dr. used the hatred and contempt of every living thing with which he happens to come in contact. Supper, Eastman and all went to the shades of nonentity together, in the quiver of a coon's tail.

“They are gone—they are dead”—totoally extinguished, and the places that once knew them, shall know them no more forever. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Such is the retributive justice that restless and hopeless insanity deals out upon its victims. But the terrible storm did not stop here. It has overwhelmed, not only the men who were engaged in this treasonable business of getting up a democratic supper, and making a speech, but the dumb beasts and the mute earth have shared in the general ruin; for, as we are credibly informed, not only has the *drier* “on the Sherburne road” disappeared, body and breeches, (except the buttons) but the horses, the harnesses and the big-wheeled, and new-varnished coach that was wont to rattle into our village so gaily have gone out of existence like the snuff of a candle in the fingers of the kitchen maid. And the “Sherburne road” itself, affrighted and awed at the tremendous and irresistible power of this mighty man of Gath, was suddenly taken with the most excruciating convulsions, which it was able to survive only a few hours, and what was once a beautiful and well-trodden highway, now lies a shrunken twisted thing, along the river, resembling nothing but a crisped and shapeless burnt shoe-string. Not only has the daring stump-speaker been whisked out of existence without leaving even a dose of ipecac, or an old cud of tobacco to indicate the spot where he used to stand, but his types have melted away in the fervent heat of the consuming wrath that has overtaken him, his office has fallen into a heap of smouldering and blackening ruins and even his name and his memory have been blotted from the recollections of men. So perish the enemies of King Coon!

Alas! and alack! has this moral and intellectual God no bowels of compassion. Must he be so stern in his justice as to exterminate from the face of the earth the witless offenders against his laws? Can he look upon the general devastation without shedding one sympathetic tear over the hopeless and irreparable ruin in which his decrees have plunged the poor, half-starved and miserable locofocos of Woodstock?—Oh! most high and puissant, beloved, adored and adorable disciple of Esculapius; whose breath is more deadly to the peace, the quiet and the order of community than the exhalations of the poisonous Bohon Upas! whose mighty intellect sways the rock-ribbed hills to-and-fro, as the whirlwind sways the slender willow; thou the eye of whose transcendent and heaven-born genius sports with the orbs that glitter in the farthest vaults of the illimitable heavens, gazes upon the sun like the eagle and glances down into the depths of ethereal space farther than a sunbeam could penetrate in a myriad of ages; spare, we beseech thee! On our knees we confess and acknowledge our impudence and our temerity. We bow down to thee—we veil our faces in the dust—we wrap ourselves in sackcloth and sit in ashes, and we beg, we implore that we may be forgiven this once, only this once, for having presumed to attend a democratic supper and make a democratic speech in face and eyes of thy high authority and within this, thy kingdom. We were not fully aware of the temerity and enormity of our transgressions. We should have implored thy leave—but alas! we did not, and bitterly do we repent of our rashness and sincerely do we implore thy pardon. Broken in spirit, contrite in heart, oh! hear us, all immutable, all pure, all guileless as thou art! Forgive us and thine angels shall darken the heavens with the smoke of burnt offerings. To thee we will offer up on altars imperishable as blacksmith's anvils, cart-loads of brown-bread pills, hogsheds of rain-water drops, and Genesee flour powders. We will strip from the statues of Peace, Quietness, Law, Religion, Morality, Brotherly-Love, and Kindness, the robes that have so long hung inappropriately about them, and wrap them about thee, thou great impersonation of all the virtues of these divinities.

All this will we do, yea, more, if it be within the compass of our poor locofoco ability if we may be this once forgiven for the great sins we have committed in attempting to enjoy ourselves, in a little quiet party, without thy leave and without thy license, while the coons, and the owls, and the cattle and the slaves, and the beasts of thy care and keeping were holding a holiday in this thy great and glorious kingdom of Woodstock upon Quebec. If this boon shall be granted us, we shall bless thee all the days of our life, but if it be denied us we shall go about the streets disconsolate and broken hearted; our marrow will consume in our bones our flesh will drop, piecemeal, from our bodies, and upon our doorposts shall be written *miserrimus* (most miserable) and we shall wander about the earth, exclaiming with one of old, “our punishment is greater than we can bear.”

Put the coon Hunter through boys! The old “*viacine*” is loading with grape shot for the varmints! About 5000 more we must have—do you hear?

POLK JUICE—Commonly called *Freling-pisen*, is death on coons.

POLK AND THE TARIFF—DESPERATION OF THE EGGSUCKERS.

It is really amusing to witness the contortions of the old coon at the position the Tariff question is assuming all over the country. The admirable letter of Gov. Polk has so completely demolished all the coon capital on that matter that we are really afraid the EGGSUCKERS will give up de ghost and depart for kingdom come before we can get a fair fight out of them. Not a man who has read the letter of Gov. Polk can find a word of fault with it. It is fair, just and right, showing that he is in favor of just such a Tariff as the people demand—one that shall give equal protection to all, especial favors to none. He says:

In my judgment, it is the duty of the government, to extend, as far as it may be practicable to do so, by its revenue laws and all other means within its power, fair and just protection to all the great interests of the whole Union, embracing agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, commerce, and navigation.

Now, pray, who asks more than this? who can ask more than this? What more than this is wanted by anybody? “Fair and just protection to all, the great interests of the whole Union!” Is not that the true doctrine? Who wants unfair and unjust protection to a part of the whole Union? (but the coons!) No man—no man. The truth is, Gov. Polk is perfectly unassailable on the Tariff question.—The reasonable portion of the people so understand it, and the infamous falsehoods of the Egg-suckers and church burners, are only adding strength to his already irresistible course towards the highest office in the gift of the people.

For the Woodstock Age.

FOR POLK AND DALLAS HURRAH!

Oh what is this great commotion, 'tision, 'tision Our country through!
It is the ball a rolling on,
For Polk the true and Dallas too,
And with them we shall carry the day—day—day
Carry all our own way!
And with them we shall carry the day.

Have you heard from Baltimore, more, 'more,
Good news and true;
Our banner bears the glorious names
Of Polk the true and Dallas too,
And with them we will beat Harry Clay—Clay—Clay.

Is over the bay,
For with them we will beat Harry Clay!

The Coons being to wince and flatter, 'utter-utter,
And look so blue;
The MILL BOY decries the rising strength
Of Polk &c.
For with them we can whip any man—man—man
Of the cooney clan;
For with them we can whip any man.

There's poor old Freling-Hayson, 'yson, 'yson,
The Jersey blue;
He'll soon be turned into Hyson skin,
With Polk &c.
For with them, he's a used up man—man—man,
Like the rest of his clan;
For with them, he's a used up man.

The beautiful girls, God bless their souls—souls—
Warm hearted and true,
Will vote to a MAN, against the Coons,
For Polk &c.
With the girls we'll whip any man—man—man,
Of the federal clan,
With the Girls we can whip any man!

Old sabb Dan, the other day—day—day,
Said “WHERE SHALL I GO?”
He'll find a spot, next fall to rest;
For Polk &c.
Will shell him up with old Clay—Clay—Clay,
For aye and a day,
Will shell the fellow with Clay

Then raise on high the freeman's shout-shout—
shout;
Let it sound afar;
For in November we'll elect—
Polk &c.

Three cheers, brave boys, Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers—Hurrah!
For POLK and DALLAS—HURRAH!

The Tribune virtually gives up the controversy about Mr. Clay's white slave speech, but apologizes for it as language used under excitement. That's the very thing—the feeling was in him, and the excitement threw him off his guard, and let it out. We want a President who neither holds such notions, nor is subject to such passions.—*Morning Chronicle.*

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON.

From all parts of our own state and of the Union, we hear of renunciations of coonery and all its attendant vices and evils. Democracy beams bright on every hill and her watchfires light every vale from Champlain to the Sabine, from the Aroostook to Oregon, and the heart of every true American leaps with joy at the prospect of a glorious democratic victory. Keep poking up the fire boys.

For Boston and Brighton Markets and new advertisements, hereafter see fourth page.

A RENUNCIATION FROM THE RIGHT QUARTER—THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS PORTION OF THE COMMUNITY AROUSED.

We present our readers this week, with a letter renouncing all connection with the coon party, from the REV. AARON B. KINSMAN of Chelsea, and ask for it a candid perusal. Mr. Kinsman is a highly estimable minister of the Gospel, and a worthy citizen, and as he finds it impossible, consistent with his obligations to the Gospel he preaches, and his oath as a freeman, to support for the Presidency “a duellist, a profane swearer” and a gambler, he has deemed it his duty so to inform the public. Those who have the slightest regard for religion and public morals cannot but go and do likewise.

For the Age.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The time has arrived, when every lover of his country must come boldly to her rescue. If it is right, that a duellist, a profane swearer, one who prostitutes the Sabbath to political purposes, an immoral man, a man who has been for and against every prominent political measure that is now before the people, should be President of the United States, then indeed am I wrong in saying that although I supported the whigs in the last Presidential contest, I cannot in the approaching one. If a man, who has led an immoral and intemperate life, whose example before his sons has been such that they, following in his steps, are pests to society, is qualified for the office of President of the United States Senate, then indeed am I wrong in abandoning the whig party.

Disclaiming all right to scrutinize the private character of individuals, other than so far as the public are concerned, still I must say that I deem it an insult to the intelligence and moral sense of the community, that men of the most abandoned and vicious practices should be elevated to offices of honor and profit, although they may possess every so brilliant talents. Who is there amongst us, but must hide his head for shame, when viewing the contrast between [whig] promises in 1840 and their fulfillment at the extra session in 1841? This is asked in no spirit of exultation, in no spirit of party animosity, but in sober sadness, and under a painfully humiliating sense of the stigma and disgrace then brought upon us. The whigs, as a party, held no one principle in common, other than an insatiable thirst for office, which they developed in a most disgraceful manner, immediately on their attaining power.

There never was an administration that came into power under more favorable auspices; a large majority in both houses of Congress,—Mr. Webster at the head of the Cabinet, made up of their strongest men, and Mr. Clay to dictate to both houses, their power was unlimited. The country had just recovered from the great commercial revolution of 1837, and had the government extended her fostering hand to our agriculture, commerce and manufactures equally, we should have gone on in the road to national prosperity with gigantic strides. But such was not to be our happy lot. “Proud man,

Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep!”

and the tricks played by those in authority at Washington in 1841 and 1842, caused us all to mourn and lament. Instead of attending to the duties of their stations, they were fighting, rioting, duelling, gambling and plotting for the succession. As might have been expected from such proceedings, the country was reduced to the most degrading humilia. The elections in 1842, gave the democrats the power in a measure in 1843, and then commenced the dawn of our national prosperity again. Fellow citizens of the whig party, let me beseech you to throw off party trammels, to look to our national prosperity, and go with the democracy in endeavoring to elect Polk and Dallas, men of clean hands and pure minds, men that, if elected, will devote their time and talents to their country.

AARON B. KINSMAN.

Chelsea, Vt., July 20, 1844.

DESPERATION OF THE COONS.

The old beast is getting rabid. Having failed, hitherto, of making any headway among the people by supping and snarling at YOUNG HICKORY, the animal has dug up, in some of its under-ground operations, an important thing that is to blow the candidate of the people out of existence. The astounding assertion is made that the grandfather of Col. Polk was one Ezekiel Polk, and that he was a tory in the Revolution! Well, the game is up! Col. Polk must be withdrawn. For if it be true that the GRANDFATHER was a tory, of course the grandson ought to suffer for it! of course it was the fault of Col. Polk that Ezekiel was his grandfather! of course! What business had James K. Polk to allow that old scamp of a Zekiel to be his grandfather, the scoundrel! Why he ought to have regulated that matter long before this. Allow his grandfather to be a tory! abominable! detestable! This is almost equal to Col. Polk's allowing his ancestors to have been Irishmen! That was bad enough in all conscience, but, to this add that he permitted his grandfather to be a tory and the man becomes absolutely horrible. If Col. Polk couldn't have had more influence than it would seem he did have over his ancestors, he will never do for President. Why, look a-heck! want old Zekiel's name Polk and aint his grandson's name Polk—and don't that show his guilt plain as day? Why in thunder didn't this James K. Polk have George Washington for his grandfather? Wan't there good and true men enough long before this James was born that he could have had for his grandfather? There was old Sam Adams, and John Hancock, and lots more of darnation smart men in them days, and why didn't the rascallion have some of these for his Grandfather instead of that old Zekiel! Jupiter! we are out of all sort of patience with the fellow! His grandfather a tory, when he could have had it differently just as well as not!

To be serious, however, this coon howl, is only an old one pitched in a different key. When Col. Polk was running for Governor of Tennessee they made a great flourish of trumpets about it, but unfortunately the original Mecklenberg declaration of Independence was in existence and this same tory Ezekiel's name among the signers! The foul slander was trodden in the dust long ago, and is now got up again to bolster up the cause.

But after all, the worst feature in the case is, that Col. Thomas and not Ezekiel Polk was the Grandfather of James K! Poor coonery!

However, if it be a sin to be the descendant of a British tory, we wonder how holy about two-thirds of the present coon party are? The coons had better be a little careful, how they prick the descendants of British Tories, or Henry Clay will sing a woefully small tune in November!

BEAUTIFUL TARIFF MEN, TRULY!

Judge Owsley is the present coon candidate for Governor of Kentucky, the home of Clay!

William H. Graham, is the coon candidate for Governor of North Carolina, supported by the friends of Clay!

Both Owsley and Graham were members of the Congress of 1842, and both VOTED AGAINST THE PRESENT TARIFF, in all its shapes and phases. Oh! the hypocrisy of whiggery!

“How are you Locofoco?” “Pretty well I'm obliged to you, how are you Egg-sucker?”